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The Pictorial in Education.*

By Olga Müller, Central High School, St. Joseph, Mo.

The damning thing in modern education is the crushing of that divine gift, the imagination. What sells that soft cloth but its fanciful name, Kitten's Ear? Imagination created German, that picture language whose words are poems. It turns dry words like dead leaves into fairy gold.

Just so fancy created a miniature *Deutschland* in my school room. My land may be suggestive also to teachers of Spanish and French.

Beside the road (hall) is a guide post, "Nach Ehlen", which directs the thirsty wanderer to our *Deutschland*. Beside this post stands a peasant; out of his mouth comes, "Gott grüss dich!" and "Keine Pfeif Tabak, so stossen Sie mit der Nase an das erste Haus." Now everything in Germany is forbidden. The wayfarer sees the mock sign, "Athmen verboten". He next ponders over the wayside Spruch:

"Wandrer, stehe still und frage dich:
Wo gehst du hin?
Gehst du auf dem breiten Weg zur Verdammnis,
Oder auf dem schmalen Weg zum ewigen Leben?"

The chalk covered traveler now enters a quaint street (hall) swarming with geese. A chicken stands in the doorway with an air of proud proprietorship. The wayfarer pauses before the "Gasthaus zur schwarzen Katze". On the sign swung out before it is painted a black cat. The house is of white plaster crossed and recrossed with beams of wood. Around the red tiled roof runs a black dragon forming the gutter. On the chimney stands a stork on one leg, and under the eaves swings a swallow's nest. Projecting from the house is a creature dear to peasant superstition, the "Tellerhund", a dog with fiery eyes as large as plates. A wooden beam is inscribed with, "Karl B. und dessen Ehefrau, Dorothea, geborene Töffer, haben Gott vertraut und dieses Haus erbaut." On the side of the house is painted a rabbit busily churning. Under it is:

"Ich will Butter machen,
Dass die Bauern lachen."

* In diesem Aufsatz hat die Verfasserin eine reiche Fülle von Material zusammengetragen, das zur Belebung des deutschen Sprachunterrichts dienen wird. Unsere Leser werden daraus manche Anregung entnehmen können, die auch für die Arbeit in ihrem Klassenzimmer sich als wertvoll erweisen wird. D. R.

Beside this is the inscription:

“Dies Haus sei offen nur dem Freund,
Doch stets geschlossen für den Feind.
Unglück hinaus und Glück herein.”

The three black crosses on the pig sty which is under the same roof prevent the cattle from being bewitched. The chalk marks on the door, “1 Wurst — 1 Mark” indicate a guest’s unpaid supper.

The traveler now enters a little German world through a door over which is the inscription:

“Gott beschütze dieses Haus
Und alle, die gehen ein und aus.”

Guarding the entrance is a fierce, red devil who cries:

“Lasst jede Hoffnung hinter euch,
Ihr, die ihr hier eintretet.”

In a corner of the inn he sees in a hat box the kitchen. It has the charm of fairy land, for a flannel holder warns, “Ohne mich verbrennst du dich”, and a wooden plate cries out the peasant’s hunger, “Ich will noch mehr”. On a red brick stove a brass tea kettle hums, “Hum-m, bubble, ein Riese unter meinem Deckel”. You voluntarily murmur, “Tischlein, deck dich!” These words I have pinned on the table. The cloth is embroidered with, “Unser täglich Brot gib uns heute”. A shelf has hooks for towels. Above the first is, “Messertuch”, above the second, “Teller-tuch”, etc. On the wall of a frog pond green is painted the very German inscription, “Arbeit ist der Hausfrau Zierde”.

In my *Deutschland* I have a graveyard, each grave decorated with a garland of beads and tin flowers. On a tombstone is a marble bible with, “Der Glaube tröstet, wo die Liebe weint”. I lie buried here, my grave is marked with the endearing epitaph, “Hier ruht in Frieden der geliebte Brummbär”.

Near this graveyard is the death omen, “Die Hunde haben schaurig geheult”. To a bit of soap is attached, “Man gibt dem Toten Seife, Waschlappen, und Bibel mit in den Sarg”. The peasant allows the animals to share in the joys and sorrows of the family. I have on a card, “Biene, dein Herr ist tot; verlass mich nicht in meiner Not”.

To portray the quaintness of peasant life I have brought into our village “Die alte Katharina”, a doll which wears a black jacket whose green buttons are arranged in the pattern of a heart; some dozen overlapping skirts which hang to her knee and white clocked stockings with flowered garters.

You read from her book of prescriptions her remedy for staunching a wound.

"Man muss sagen: Im Namen Gottes, des Vaters, des Sohnes und des heiligen Geistes, Blut, stehe still wie das Wasser im Jordan."

"Man lindert Zahnschmerzen durch Reiben der Zähne mit einem Sargnagel."

Deep seated in the peasant is the belief in witches, hence I have an uncanny corner. Mounting her broomstick is a witch with her black cat. On her caldron is:

"Rüstig, rüstig! Nimmer müde!
Feuer brenne! Kessel, siede!"

Near her hang three black crosses and a tiny man, charms against her magic arts. Beneath the manikin is, "Dass die Mädchen nicht behext werden". Under her is the warning, "Die Hexe hat den bösen Blick". I have painted a "Butterhexe" with a milkstool on her head, sitting at church, her back to the altar, a wicked habit of witches. The tiny log beside her is really a ghost which rolls into the road of the midnight wayfarer.

Near this sinister corner is the land of lazy people, famed in nursery rhyme. The houses are made of pancakes and the fences of sausages. Roast pigeons fly around. Under them is, "Gebratene Tauben fliegen dem Faulenzer von selbst in den Mund". It rains honey and you shake rolls from a tree into a brook of milk.

One corner brings out the sentimentality of the German folk. There is a fairing, a gingerbread heart inscribed with:

"Lieben und geliebt zu werden,
Ist die grösste Freud' auf Erden."

Another heart has:

"Zwei Seelen und ein Gedanke,
Zwei Herzen und ein Schlag."

A post card shows a boy proposing to his Gretchen, "Lieb mich und die Welt ist mein". A celluloid gander with a stocking over its head has on its wing, „Das Mädchen, das er zuerst mit dem Schnabel berührt, wird zuerst Braut". Beneath a daisy is, "Edelmann, Bettelmann, Krieger, Pastor, Kaufmann, Bürgermeister, Schneider, Major", and also:

"Er liebt mich, er liebt mich nicht,
Ein wenig, von Herzen, mit Schmerzen,
Über alle Massen, zum Rasen
Und gar nicht."

On the front wall hangs Volkmann's "Kornfeld", a field of poppies and cornflowers. Under it is the myth about the proud princess and her maid turning into the two flowers. Near it are a castle on the Rhine, Nürnberg with her quaint, old wall and peaked, witchlike towers, Brun-

hilde in her magic sleep, a "Walküre", Lorelei, and Faust and Margareta, etc. There is Rübezahl from the folk tale, throwing his head at the servant, and also a picture of the broom dance and of the peasant dance by Banzer. Beneath the latter is, "Alles was Kopf und Beine hat geht zur Kirmes". I have framed the lullaby:

"Schlaf, Kindchen, schlaf!
Da draussen gehn zwei Schaf,
Ein weisses und ein schwarzes,
Und wenn das Kind nicht schlafen will,
So kommt das schwarz' und beisst es."

Beside this lullaby is the verse which the child chants to the maybug sitting on its finger:

"Maikäfer, flieg!
Dein Vater ist im Krieg,
Dein' Mutter ist im Pommerland.
Pommerland ist abgebrannt.
Maikäfer, flieg!"

Beside this rhyme hangs a prayer. On an egg is printed the song of a folk game:

"Ein, zwei, drei;
Da liegt ein Ei.
Wer darauf tritt etc."

Across a window pane is a spider web with the weather sign, "Wenn die Spinne ihr Netz zerreisst, gibt es Regen". Another sign is, "Grüne Weihnachten — weisse Ostern". On the window sill are a wooden shoe, an old bridal ring, a "Todesanzeige", a German menu card and a drinking horn. Scattered about the inn are placards, "Flüstern verboten!" "Zimmer zu vermieten".

Christmas is represented with a Christmas angel holding holly and a slip of paper on which is, "Ehre sei Gott in der Höhe" etc.

On my chair top stands a diabolical cat in fiendish contortions. About its neck is, "Die schwarze Katze bringt Unglück". The pupils blame "Miezchen" for bad lessons. Beside her stands a red devil with the terrifying words: "Er geht umher wie ein brüllender Löwe und suchet welchen er verschlinge."

From my desk hangs an approved grammar concocted by mischievous enthusiasts. It has rare illustrations. The adjective is represented as a devilfish with its tentacles wrapped around the student, draining his life blood.

"Geschlechtsregeln:

"Honig ist männlich, weil er süß ist, und Gans ist weiblich, weil sie dumm ist. Teufel, Narr und Kaiser sind natürlich männlich. Gras-

hüpfen ist männlich, weil er Tabak speit." Kirsche is feminine, because it has a heart of stone. Diamant is masculine, because girls love it.

Our most interesting spot, however, is the "Brautecke", so called because the bride and groom sit here and eat out of one plate. This signifies that the bride will share her husband's misfortunes, will eat with him out of one plate in case a second one should be lacking. Our doll bride wears her hair down her back, a symbol of her purity. As a precaution against being henpecked the groom must hold his thumb up during the ceremony. I have the expression, "Er will kein Pantoffelheld sein." The pair must stand close together at the altar, otherwise the devil will slip in between. Hence the card, "Dass der Teufel nicht hindurchschlüpfen". There hangs in this corner a picture of the bridal wagon containing the household furniture. The bride is perched up beside the spinning wheel, an open bible on her lap. Beneath the picture is printed, "Es regnet in den Brautkranz, weil die Braut die Katzen nicht gefüttert hat." The cats were the favorite animals of the goddess of marriage. Whichever of the bridal pair enters the new home first is destined to rule it. The two tumble into the house together. The husband springs up and says, "Ich war der erste hier, also bin ich dein Herr." "Die Braut wird in dem Heuboden verborgen" recalls the custom of stealing the bride. A bit of glass with the words, "Je mehr Scherben, je mehr Glück" suggests the custom of smashing dishes before the girl's window on her wedding eve. A tattered bridal veil harks back to the custom of robbing the bride of her veil and putting on her head the "Haube", the cap worn by the married woman.

But our most beloved spot is *Feenland*. In this enchanted country rules the wizard, Imagination. We have a magic tree on which glow words like Aladdin's jewels. New words are constantly blossoming on squares of paper. We learn language thru the imagination. *Fingerhut* is a hat for the finger, *Stiefmütterchen*, a little stepmother, and *Flitterwochen*, tinsel weeks. We fall under the spell of words. They are golden apples that grow on a magic tree, and being of gold they can never wither. Our "Glasmännlein" surely walked out of "Das kalte Herz". A white china cat is our *Dornröschen* (Briar Rose). It recalls this incident: We heard a ghostly tapping, the door opened of itself, and a white kitten, strolling in curled up under my desk, and fell into a magic sleep. It was *Dornröschen*, "so weiss wie Schnee, so rot wie Blut" etc. The photograph of our dark principal is the genie. One day the earth suddenly trembled. A fierce genie darted in, snatched up our terrified Puck, and then vanished in smoke and thunder. One of my boys takes my fairyland home to his baby sister. We have in *Feenland* a butterfly existence. We should be damned by prosaic mortals, if we did not soon sink to the level of the Gradgrinds.

My dream room furnishes material for conversation. We stop at quaint inns, sleeping between featherbeds. The *Tellerhund* barks an eerie adventure. The *Here* comes down from the wall and turns poor Karl into a frog. In our bridal corner we have a peasant wedding, thus vivifying quaint customs.

"Rache!" hissed the pupils once when the lesson was too long, and they buried me in my graveyard, chanting, "Asche zu Asche und Staub zu Staub".

The accusative of motion to a place had a thrill, when I was going into my grave.

This Xmas we sat in the pink candle light around our magic tree which now bore presents. Our "Prinzessin", a girl with paste diamonds, received a prince, a veritable Ichabod Crane. The *Tellerhund* (Fritz) brought him in his mouth and dropped him at her feet. A string of rock candy also dangled from the hound's jaws. "Diese Diamanten sind zu essen", he barked, and then snatched up his present, a candy bone. The *Spuk*, a girl white with powder, received powdered chalk.

We praise the piety of our *Bär* who goes to church every Sunday—and eats up the congregation. My hair once caught on my red devil who stands on my chair top.

"Hilfe!" I screamed, "Der böse Teufel will mir das Haar ausreissen!"

The baby prattle of my gnomes and sweet witches is to me as musical as the most exquisite symphony of Beethoven. The sentence born of the mischievous brain of a boy will live. Conversation will not stay with one, unless shot thru with action, humor, imagination.

Zivilisation und Kultur.*

Von Dr. G. Schwyder, Lugano.

Was heisst Zivilisation? Und was ist Zivilisation? Zivilisation stammt von lateinisch *civis*, von französisch *civiliser*, *civilisation*. Zivilisation heisst also ein Prozess, der den Menschen zum Bürger macht, Verbürgerlichung des Menschen, und das Ergebnis dieses Prozesses, der Zustand des Menschen als Mitglied der bürgerlichen Gesellschaft. Und Zivilisation ist dann in rein formaler Betrachtung alles, was den Menschen aus dem Zustand der blossen Natur heraushebt, was ihm Gewohnheiten und Lebenssitten anerzieht, die über das bloss natürliche hinausgehen und

* Aus „Monatsblätter für die physische Erziehung der Jugend“, July 1917.